

THE MUSICAL WORLD. 1843.

No. 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT NOON,
PRICE THREEPENCE;—STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

Vol. XVIII.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4.

M. VIVIER.

A CERTAIN M. Vivier is, at present, all the rage in Paris. His claims to notoriety are two-fold; he improvises vocally better than Corinne, and he plays on the horn with a perfection hitherto unknown among the artists of the continent. About the first qualification, we have nothing to say just now; about the last, we wish to venture a few words. It appears that the great wonder of M. Vivier's horn playing consists in a discovery, which he has made, of the possibility of producing two, three, nay, even four notes *simultaneously*; thus rendering it practicable to execute a succession of harmonies on an instrument hitherto universally esteemed *monophonous*. This discovery has created a marvellous sensation in the musical circles in Paris, and has been trumpeted forth in the press with flourishes out of number. Adolphe Adam, the composer of *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, was the first to apostrophize the acquirements of M. Vivier, in a lengthened article in the *France Musicale*; he has been followed by the rest of them, and last week, in the *Gazette Musicale*, we find a paper by Maurice Bourges, which makes M. Vivier something less than a demi-god, and extols his qualifications, in language, which applied to Paganini himself, would be nothing short of hyperbolic. M. Bourges melts away in an ecstasy of rapture at the marvellous facility with which M. Vivier—who, he informs us, is a very young and very unassuming artist—accomplishes double, triple, and quadruple notes on the horn, in every variety of time and key. He produces, says

M. Bourges, the most exquisite harmonic combinations, with as much ease and unconcern as if he had four mouths and eight hands, and was playing upon four horns instead of one. M. Vivier's reward has not been confined to the eulogisms of M. M. Adolphe Adam, and Maurice Bourges. The King of the French, Louis Philippe, has, on several occasions, invited him to his private *reunions*, and has made him more than one valuable present. Queen Victoria, on one of these occasions, had the advantage of hearing this new wonder, and was so delighted as to press M. Vivier to pay England a visit, which, need we say, M. Vivier intends very shortly to do. In addition to this invitation the Queen of England has presented the young artist with a splendid *cadeau*, in the shape of something or other, the precise nature of which we forget—but that is of little consequence.

This is all well enough. We can excuse the French raptures, about that, which to them was really a novelty and a wonder, because a Frenchman is the most conceited fellow in the universe;—tell him something he does not know, and straightway he kneels down and worships you. The Parisian artists thought they knew all about the horn that was to be known, (that is, about the French horn)—but when M. Vivier came upon the horn-horizon, and proved to their satisfaction that they knew nothing whatever, they were compelled, in support of their own dignity, to magnify him into something supremely out of the common way; and so M. Vivier was deified before demise, a distinction which not one of the Pagan divinities was lucky enough to obtain, from Jupiter down to Vulcan. We can forgive, moreover, the pleasure experienced by her Majesty of

England, and the munificent way in which her generous and grateful nature incited her to express her acknowledgment of that pleasure to M. Vivier, who was the cause—we can forgive, nay, sympathize with this; *but we cannot forgive or sympathize with* that extreme negligence (or indifference, call it what you please), which, while it lavishly rewarded in France, culpably overlooked in England, *one and the same excellence*. The following paragraph from a cotemporary will explain what we mean.

“HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has been pleased to present a valuable gift to M. Vivier, the celebrated French horn player and extempore vocalist, for playing double notes and chords on the horn—a feat we have frequently heard accomplished by our own Jarrett. M. Vivier has been invited to England, and will attend at the palace. Jarrett is in England, but he has never been there, nor is he at all likely to be asked.”

(Musical Examiner).

So that when M. Vivier comes to England, if he will do us the favour to call on us, we will give him Mr. Jarrett's address, and shall recommend him to pay that gentleman a visit, before he adjourns to the Palace. We can corroborate by our own testimony the truth of what our cotemporary announces, having, on several occasions, (in private) experienced great pleasure and no inconsiderable astonishment, at Mr. Jarrett's execution on the horn, of the very same feat for which his gifted brother performer of the continent has been so signally honoured, by two crowned heads, and the entire body of Parisian artists. Whether Mr. Jarrett be also a vocal improviser we cannot undertake to say, but this we can vouch to—that he is a very clever, persevering, and unassuming artist, and most assuredly deserves a much better position in the profession than circumstance

has hitherto allowed him to occupy. Fortune's freaks are strange; perhaps, but for M. Vivier, the merits of Mr. Jarrett's horn playing might long have been hid in obscurity; perhaps, but for No 2. No 1. might have chewed the cud of neglect and disappointment for ever. So that, all things considered, here is a health to M. Vivier, and, when he arrives, we shall be as glad to welcome and applaud him as though he were one of ourselves, expecting what doubtless we shall find, a similar courtesy at his hands, towards the talent he will meet in England.

Q.

MEYERBEER'S HUGUENOTS.

THE more we know of Meyerbeer, to know him in his works, the more we penetrate the vapour of renown, which, turning up in misty clouds from the malaria of uneducated minds, has hitherto invested him. The same uncertain halo may obscure the brightest orbs of heaven and the unhealthiest meteors of a morass—and so the admiration of the world may glorify, not only real genius, but also adulate those false pretenders who draw their light from the atmosphere through which it is refracted; and these latter have the greater seeming splendour in this veil of estimation, as having more of earthliness, more of commonality with what composes it. It is not till this mist be cleared away, or till, by passing through it, we surmount its interception between us and that which we would look upon, that we can ascertain whether the shining which attracted us was of the sun itself, or of a wild fire, that will exhale with the dark vapour which gives it false seeming. Now all this is assuming that the world's opinion is the vapour which obscures, and ours the penetration which distinguishes the real excellence of what we criticise; and, though this seem an egotism to the uninitiated, we have such reliance on the confidence of those who read us constantly, and can appreciate the influence under which we write, as to feel that they have fully learned to look upon our judgment as the individual authority that can alone determine upon suns and systems. Well, then, the more we know of Meyerbeer, the more we do not like him—we cannot—or, which might be better grammar, the less we like him—like him we never did—like him we never, that is we fear we never, can. The *Huguenots*, to us, seems of the class to which belong the most English operas that have been brought forward in the last five years, and so much worse than is the worst of those, as being so much longer, upon the principle that two pigs who go squeaking through a gate make greater noise than one; however bad may be an opera of two hours long, just twice as bad must be an opera of four—only we must observe, in favour of the music of Meyerbeer, that there is an air of confidence and fluency in all his efforts, which his long experience in writing, and the many opportunities afforded by the sixty rehearsals of the Academy Royal, of correction and refinement, would naturally produce, and these are advantages which the productions of the comparative tyros of this country, placed, as they are, almost extempore before the public, do not possess.

The prevailing character of the music of the *Huguenots* is dullness ineffable; what melody there is—alas! to call it melody!—is either in the style of the most maudlin, sickly, languishing, Italian

cantabile, or of the squarest, vulgarest, six-eighth French quadrilles! However, these have a character—no, not a character; a sort of concealed mannerism, given to them from an affectation in the harmony and instrumentation, which makes them, if not peculiarly like Meyerbeer, at least severally unlike all other writers; but such conceits as these, which are the artifices of a barren mind to veil its weakness, not the natural outpourings of the real strength of genius, are not what form a style in composition—are not what make the works of a great artist individually his, the basis of a school which may afford improvement to the greatest, and which, without servilely imitating, all may emulate with glory. We can recognise but one burst of the true dramatic feeling, one spark of genius, in this almost endless opera. This is when *Marcel*, the fanatic servant of the new Huguenot, finding himself in a large company of Catholic nobility, and fearing the influence of “the tempter,” while in the association of his disciples, thinks suddenly upon a charm to counteract their ill communications, and as if with the rapture of a sudden surety of redemption, with an abrupt and striking change of key, first introduces a chorale of the Lutheran Church, which afterwards forms the chief feature of the opera. As for the rest of this long composition, if we except the *Page's* song in the first act, which certainly is eloquent; some part of the duet between *Marcel* and *Valentine*, in the third act, which is spirited, if not impassioned; and the grand scene of the conspiracy in the fourth act, which, albeit modelled on a similar scene in *Guillaume Tell*, has some excellent effect, our first qualification of entire dullness is the best that can express it. The opening chorus, at a banquet of Catholic nobility—the chivalry of France—the flower of Europe in the age of knightly glory—is of a character that would appear too vulgar if it were introduced at a debauch of costermongers, and the transition to the minor of the third of the scale at the fifth bar of the *motivo* seems to us the uttermost perfection of unmeaning affectation. The romance of *Raoul*, with the *viola obbligata*, a nonentity of itself, is rendered exquisitely insignificant by the meagreness of the accompaniment; and the two-fold expression, where nothing is to be expressed, of the vocal and instrumental tenors, renders the tune, the accent, and the meaning of the music, if it meaning have, a perfect equivocal. The aria and quartet, at the opening of the second act has nothing to relieve it of its tedious Italianisms but one progression to a chord of the minor second of the scale, which produces an effect of fifths, quite hideous. The long duet of *Marguerite* and *Raoul*, with the positively painfully protracted passages of the violins at its commencement, is worthy of—worthy?—of what is it worthy?—worthy of its situation in the *Huguenots*—and none but itself can be its parallel. The revel in the “*Près aux Clercs*,” which opens the third act, where choruses of students and soldiers are conglomerated rather than combined, is an entire confusion—the subjects, when taken separately, are unmeaning and tiresome, and when huddled together, are indefinite and noisy; the “*Rataplan*,” concerning which *repute* has said so very much, has only the character of an extreme vulgarity. The grand duet of *Valentine* and *Raoul*, which concludes the first act, must of necessity, produce a certain effect from its powerful dramatic interest, but as for the music, it is the extreme of mawkish insipidity. The whole of the last act (we speak not of the ball scene, which was here omitted) is dull, more dull, most dull, duller and dullest, till if it were not for the conflagration and musketry, it would be quite impossible to wake it out; and if we slept, the most remarkably ugly chorus of assassins in A minor might well appear to haunt our dreams as a musical nightmare—the identity of all that is unpleasant in the realm of sound.

Certain it is, the *Huguenots* was very inade-

quately rendered in England by the German company—the band was insufficient—the chorus was imperfect, coarse, and most unsteady—and so, as a series of dramatic effects, of course it suffered—but then, the merit of music, if it have any merit, will manifest itself through all the imperfections of performance, and make us wish at least to hear it better done; whereas, our hearing of this opera raised in us no wish but to avoid all repetitions of it; and subsequent hearings have but confirmed, or rather strengthened, the distaste which the first gave us.

We come then to the conclusion that the *Huguenots* is a remarkably bad opera, which hangs for its effect entirely on the splendour of its appointments, and the elaboration of its stage arrangements; and, next, to this further full determination, that Meyerbeer is the most overrated composer of the present day, perhaps of any time, and that he never, but for his great riches and his munificent disposal of them, could have obtained a hearing, much less the glorious success he has achieved in public.

DOMENICO, THE LAST OF THE SCARLATTIS.

GERMANY and Italy may boast of several illustrious families, in which musical genius has been transmitted from generation to generation as a glorious heritage. Amongst these great dynasties, that of the Scarlattis undoubtedly figures in the first rank. The chief of this race of eminent composers, Alessandro Scarlatti, accomplished, in the seventeenth century, an important revolution in music, and endowed Italy with numerous excellent works; his descendants have worthily supported the weight of his great renown, and their genius has been very dazzling. The last scion of this family, Domenico Scarlatti, expired in this country a few years ago, after a life of toil and trouble. We are enabled to offer our readers some curious details on the subject, which are not generally known.

The youth of Domenico Scarlatti was passed in an obscure counting-house at Liverpool. Thrown by fate, with all the treasures of a rich imagination, into a town purely commercial and industrious, without any means of satisfying the thirst for knowledge and poetry which devoured him; poor, an orphan, without support, fortune, or patronage, his perseverance contrived first to plan, and afterwards to surmount any difficulties. He placed himself on a level with men who were powerful, both from wealth and intelligence, and at length became the principal banker in Liverpool. The riches which he acquired he employed either in the advancement of the art of music, or in useful improvements in his vast domains; and these private improvements became, by admirable skill, beneficial to the public at large. Thus his roads of communication were rendered at the same time more useful and more ornamental; shady places, tastefully contrived, limpid fountains, &c. &c. indicated the benevolent intentions which animated, in the time of his prosperity, a man who was devoured by the love of the public welfare.

Always mindful of the glorious remembrance of his ancestors, Domenico Scarlatti proved by his example, that a taste and sentiment for the arts are not incompatible with the labours of a bank or a house of commerce. His creative genius brought forth, at the same time, industrious discoveries and musical knowledge. At Liverpool, everything gives proof of his great intelligence; by his continued efforts, he established a close connection between business and the poetical feelings of the imagination,—in one of his latter writings, he shews how they may be united and harmonized. We owe to his fruitful activity all the musical institutions which have gained Liverpool such *éclat*; he founded in this city an academy, in which several

distinguished artists were educated, and afterwards obtained great success in London, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and even in the United States of America. He organised there several philharmonic societies, where the works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, &c., were performed with rare superiority, at a time when these admirable productions were but little known in London.

But his benefits did not stop there. No one, perhaps, has laboured so zealously and actively as Domenico Scarlatti, to spread amongst the million a taste for the beauties of harmony. At Liverpool, he formed the basis of a large, powerful, and popular system of teaching; thousands of mechanics were initiated by him in the delicacies of the art; he took pleasure in softening and forming their rude and uncultivated organs, and it was to this work he consecrated the leisure which his financial speculations left him.

But suddenly the stormy wind of adversity came to overturn his calm and happy existence. Domenico was first wounded in his tenderest affections—his wife, a woman of rare merit, an artist both from her knowledge and from her heart, whom he had taken off the stage of *La Scala* at Milan, in all the brilliancy of her talent and beauty, his dear Faustina, was taken from him in the prime of her youth. To this misfortune another soon succeeded—he was ruined, completely ruined.

But happily Domenico Scarlatti was one of those strong minded men whom the reverses of fortune cannot cast down, he possessed one of those powerful organisations which purify themselves at the crucible of adversity.

Free from the social duties which riches impose, he lived amongst his favourite authors, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Rossini, the study of whom delighted his leisure, and coloured with poetical reflexions his poor and solitary existence. For such a mind such a condition is not fatal, since it favours its aspirations towards the beautiful, and the ideal.

The palace which was inhabited by the celebrated banker of Liverpool, the mournful silence which reigned around the indigent man, were easily forgotten by the severe student, the intelligent musician whose heart was cheered by the sweet influence of art. But after having taken from him his fortune, fate reserved for him a last blow, the most terrible of all. His library, that vast depot of musical riches, amassed with such trouble by his forefathers, was seized and sold by the judicial authorities.

Oh! it was a sad moment when a greedy crowd divided those admirable works, those precious manuscripts, those *chefs d'œuvre* traced by the hand of his ancestors, for the most part unpublished, and which he alone possessed. This fatal misfortune deteriorated in a great degree his poetical and musical faculties. After this sale he wrote many compositions in which he gave way to his sadness in plaintive melodies which have become popular. During his life he had encountered ambition, wealth, and misfortune: there now only remained to him religion, the companion and consoler of the indigent and afflicted.

Domenico Scarlatti died at Liverpool, in 1836, not yet forty years of age. Thus, while still young, and in the maturity of his talent, was extinguished the last of this illustrious family. He has left melodies and fugitive pieces full of originality: it is to be regretted that his numerous other occupations did not permit him to undertake more extensive and important works. But if he has added but little to the glorious heritage which was transmitted to him by his ancestors, at least he has powerfully contributed to the propagation of the art in England. The musical institutions which he founded and sustained with so much zeal and devotion still exist at the present time, and will long cause his memory to be blessed.

One day, Washington Irving happened to see

Domenico Scarlatti at the Liverpool Exchange. The following is the portrait which the great American traveller has drawn of him:—"There can be nothing more noble, more imposing, than his physiognomy, upon which the traces of misfortune remain; by his tall stature, his marked features, and the fire of his eyes, he manifested an organization by far superior to all those who surrounded him."

Washington Irving entered into conversation with Domenico Scarlatti, and was astonished at the vivacity of his mind; he even went to see him in his humble dwelling.

"Some old furniture and family portraits," he writes, "constituted the sole decorations of his apartment. The only remarkable object which it possessed was a magnificent pianoforte, the last vestige of his opulence, on which he performed one of his most admired works; it was a delicious romance, a plaintive elegy, in which he had retraced the vicissitudes of his life." "Never," said Irving, "had I been more powerfully affected."

Provincial.

CONCERT AT THE MECHANICS' HALL, DERBY

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. WOOLLEY.

SOME months since, Mr. Woolley, whose abilities as a musical teacher are well known to all in this town and neighbourhood, undertook to give instruction gratuitously, to a number of persons, members of the Derby Mechanics' Institution, and a large singing class under his tuition and direction was immediately formed. The class at first consisted, we believe, of about 150 individuals, but from various causes at the close of the course of instruction, mustered somewhere about half that number. The members contributed a trifle merely to cover the necessary expenses of books, gas, and other unavoidable outlays. Mr. Woolley giving them the benefit of his teaching—very frequently at considerable personal inconvenience—without any charge whatever. The class prospered as far as musical knowledge was concerned, and undoubtedly if we may correctly judge from the evidence furnished at their parting concert, is equal to any of the numerous classes that have been formed on the Wilhem principle, whose public efforts we have witnessed.

On Wednesday evening, the members of this class gave a concert to their friends—the admission to which was by a ticket—in the Lecture Hall, Derby, on which occasion they presented Mr. Woolley with a piece of plate, as a testimony of their esteem. Previously to the presentation the class sang a number of pieces which justly elicited applause from a very large and respectable audience, Mr. Woolley presiding at the piano-forte.

At the conclusion of the concert, or rather before singing "God save the Queen," which was beautifully given, Mr. Bancroft, a member of the class, addressed the audience. He stated that he was glad to see so large and respectable an assemblage present; that if any of the members of the class had not made satisfactory progress, it was their own fault and not the fault of Mr. Woolley, whose zeal and disinterestedness had been truly exemplary. The kindness of Mr. Woolley was appreciated by his pupils, who had resolved to present him with a Silver Cup, not as a remuneration for his toil, that was impossible, but as a mark of their esteem and regard. Mr. Bancroft then, addressing Mr. Woolley, thanked him sincerely for his kindness, in the name of the class, and presented him with the Silver Cup. Mr. Bancroft was loudly cheered whilst delivering his address.

The cup bears the following inscription:—

'Presented to Mr. Woolley by the Pupils of his Vocal Music Class, at the Derby Mechanics' Institution, as a token of their respect and esteem; Sept. 15th, 1843.'

Mr. Woolley acknowledged the compliment paid him in the presentation of the cup in an address of considerable length. He stated the reasons which induced him to form the class, and entered into some particulars as to the causes which had operated to reduce the number of members who met at the commencement of the course of instruction. He then took a survey of the state and progress of musical taste and composition in England and on the continent, and showed, that as yet, the people of this country were far behind those of France and Germany in their ardent love for the science. He next referred to the systems of Hullah and Wilhem, and showed that that of the latter was intended for infant schools, and those who were supposed to have to undergo a lengthened method of teaching. His (Mr. Woolley's) system accomplished the end desired in a much shorter space of time, by arranging the pupils into four divisions, and practising them in different counterpoint, commencing with the most simple, and proceeding by steps until the works of the various classical authors were sung with certainty and precision. The audience then separated.

The concert we have noticed fully bore out the promises made by Mr. Woolley. The members of the class were induced to commence to shew that the singing in four-parts could be accomplished at once, without the long process that is usual in the practice of the scale. It was a most successful performance.

Abridged from the "Halifax Guardian," 23rd September, 1843.

"THE DISTINS."—On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, the Distins have been giving Concerts in the large room of the Odd Fellows' Hall in this town. The party is accompanied by Miss Spence, of the Royal Academy of Music, a clever and useful vocalist.

HULLAH'S SYSTEM OF SINGING.

On Friday evening last, Mr. Salisbury, gave his first public concert on the Hullah system, in the Town-hall, at Burton-on-Trent. The hall was well filled by a highly respectable audience. The singing obtained general and continued applause. The ladies' efforts were crowned with success, and must have proved gratifying to their tutor; evincing as their proficiency did, the spirit in which they had studied. "The Solfeccio in *La*," and "Leaving Port," were admirably executed; the latter calling forth an encore. Previous to the national anthem being given, Mr. Salisbury, after having returned thanks for the assistance rendered him by the ladies and gentlemen on that occasion, wished to impress on the company the utility of such a meeting, as it had the means of rendering society agreeable and accessible, when otherwise contending difficulties might arise. John Thornehill, Esq., then rose on behalf of the pupils, and being himself one, wished to convey to Mr. S. the deep sense they felt of the labours and efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties as a tutor, and the high opinion they entertained of his method of teaching.

*Burton-upon-Trent,
Sep. 20th.*

MR. HULLAH'S LECTURES ON PSALMODY.

On Tuesday evening, the first of a course of two lectures on congregational psalmody was delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Peter-street, by J. Hullah, Esq., of London, the adapter of the Wilhem method of singing. There was a numerous

and highly-respectable attendance, which included James Kershaw, Esq., the mayor, who occupied the chair; Rev. T. R. Bentley, Rev. C. G. Hulton, Rev. J. Robinson, of Lytham, Rev. G. Robberds, &c. The lecture was illustrated by the members of the Manchester and Ardwick Upper Singing Schools, under the superintendence of Mr. R. Weston, and the choir consisted of about 200 performers.—After the lecture two anthems were sung by the pupils, and the interesting proceedings terminated about ten minutes past ten. Mr. Hullah delivered his second lecture on psalmody on Wednesday evening. The grand musical *soirée*, given by the committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire workmen's singing classes, is to be held in the same hall, this (Saturday) evening, at seven o'clock; the mayor in the chair. Several patrons are expected to address the meeting, and Mr. Hullah will take part in the proceedings, in conjunction with Mr. R. Weston, superintendent professor of the classes. A miscellaneous concert of vocal music is to be performed by the members of the upper singing schools of Manchester, Ardwick, Stockport, Stalybridge, Fairfield, Dukinfield, and Ashton, forming a chorus expected to number 500 voices. *Manchester, Sep. 23.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."
Woolaston, Sept. 22nd, 1843

SIR,—I hope you will pardon my offering a few remarks on the late Birmingham Festival. I am induced to do so, from the impression that the public are generally desirous of having proper statements laid before them, of what may be considered the errors, as well as the beauties of meetings of this kind; moreover, as a humble member of the musical profession, I am of opinion that much good may be effected by an exposition of the particular views of, at least, a great number of those who have no interest in the musical meetings, except as regards the interests of music generally, and its proper and legitimate direction; thus much I offer as my reason for troubling you, and, now for the facts—I attended on Friday last, the performance at the Town Hall, Birmingham, having travelled sixty miles for that purpose, and with some of the details of that performance I was thoroughly disgusted, and should be sorry to go six yards to hear a similar performance; the selection was very fine in itself, and I humbly imagine the best during the whole week; it commenced with the Overture to *Saul*, very well played, and then Mr. Phillips sang a Recitative and Air from *Belshazzar's Feast*, very judiciously, and was followed by the Chorus, "Sing, oh ye heavens!" and the "Hallelujah," which was magnificently done; Pergolesi's "*Sanctum et terribilis*" followed, and a more wretched attempt at singing was never witnessed than that displayed by Fornasari; amid a series of pantomimic actions of a most ludicrous kind, (intending to convey to the public that he had a severe cold), he came out, and certainly it was the most painful display I ever witnessed. I cannot help believing, that had a proper statement been made to the public, Machin or Giubilei might have been introduced very satisfactorily as well as beneficially to all parties. Hummel's fine composition of "*Quod, quod in orbe*," was shamefully sung, and as shamefully accompanied. Miss Novello and Signor Mario were both in tune, while Mrs. Shaw and Fornasari were wretchedly flat; and the bassoons made one of the most absurd mistakes ever heard in an orchestra. The chorus, Hail Lord! was one of the finest compositions, as well as performances, perhaps ever heard in this country; it was followed by an air and chorus from *St. Paul*, and again were the audience doomed to a painful trial of their patience and forbearance; Mrs. Shaw sang

it painfully flat from beginning to end; Mrs. Knyvett's still small voice, warbled Handel's, "If guiltless blood," chastely, and that's all. Dr. Wesley played very finely indeed. Leo's chorus, "*Gloria Patria*," was superb; Miss Novello sang Handel's "Farewell, ye limpid," very well, and was encored, thanks to the bad taste of a trio in the gallery; Fornasari fortunately did not sing the recitative and air set down for him, and then, the glorious Lindley played "Gentle airs," and was badly accompanied by J. Bennett. Mozart's "*Ave verum*," was another failure, and the performance concluded with one of Beethoven's finest choruses, splendidly sung, though why Mr. Gardiner's name should be pushed in as it was, (I mean in the Programme) I cannot tell, in connection also with that abortion, the "Oratorio of Judah." If I did not think there was great cause for complaint, I should not thus trouble you, but it is really too bad that the public should be thus trifled with, and the noble charity injured, which this Festival was intended to enrich. I never saw Mr. Knyvett before in my life, but I should think him as little calculated to conduct an orchestra like that assembled at Birmingham, as any man living; it seemed to me, and many others about me, a nervous and badly done thing, and it is to be hoped will never be repeated. With many apologies for thus troubling you.

I am, Sir, Your's most truly,
A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."
Liverpool, Sept. 11th, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—I have derived great pleasure of late, in perusing your paper, and am thus glad of the opportunity to express it. I have beheld with extreme satisfaction the impartial spirit which characterizes its criticisms and reviews, than which none other in my humble opinion, could go so far towards serving the cause of music in this country, and the interests of its Professors; because while you advocate the former, and make known the real merits of the latter, you may be said in a measure to regulate the public taste; and when that is done in an impartial manner, and with a view only to do justice to all parties, I think they are the means, and perhaps the only ones by which the standard of the art may be raised, and from which none but just results can accrue. Trusting while you are content to pursue the same course, (from which I hope nothing may induce you to swerve), your efforts may meet with their desert.

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Very respectfully your's
B. R. ISAAC.

8, Bedford Street, North,
Abercromby Square.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."
Bath, Sept. 12th, 1843.

SIR,—In the "Illustrated Newspaper" of September the 2nd, at page 154, is "An Enigmatical Canon for Five Voices by the Chevalier Neukomm, inscribed on the Tomb of Haydn." I think it would be worth while to transcribe and insert it in "The Musical World"—in order, in the first place, to perpetuate it, which is more likely to be the case when placed in so excellent a Repository, than in the ephemeral pages of a Newspaper—and, in the second, it will be placed within the view of many who may not have seen it, or may never see it, where it remains at present. Besides which, as it has set all the Musical brains of France and Germany at work to find out a solution," (according to the statement) so let it employ the ingenuity of our numerous able native musicians to solve the difficulty.

Should this request be worth attending to by the

Editor of "The Musical World," I shall be pleased to have suggested it to his notice.

I remain, Sir, Your's truly,
J. W. WINDSOR.

[We are in possession of the canon in question, which will speedily appear in our pages. Ed. M.W.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

*Prospect House,
Bradford, Sept. 18th, 1843.*

SIR,—I see you notice in one of your late Numbers, the formation of a Society for the production of a complete copy of Handel's works. I should most gladly become a Subscriber, but am afraid of its falling through in the course of a year or two, and then one is left with an incomplete work. There are several musical friends in this town, who would become Subscribers, but who entertain the same fear as myself as to the ultimate completion of the work. I should be glad of your views on the subject, the first opportunity, in your valuable paper, as it might be the means of removing the doubts of many who would gladly become Subscribers.

J. B.

[Let the authorities of the "Handel Society" answer for themselves; our pages are always open to them. Ed. M.W.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

*3, Keppel Street, Russell Square,
Oct. 2nd, 1843.*

DEAR SIR,—The following sentence appeared in the last week's "Musical World."

"The fugue, in the Amen, always makes me laugh, till I come to a certain passage near the end, when it makes me groan. Do you think it will do to gain Rossini admittance into Mr. George French Flowers' *Contrapuntist's Society*?"—I greatly fear Mr. Editor, that there are few musicians in England able to write such counterpoint as I have seen in this Amen fugue in the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and, if your correspondent S., could "laugh and groan" at this specimen of Counterpoint, Rossini might retaliate by a "laugh or a groan," and justly say, "what does England know about Counterpoint? for there are not fifteen musicians capable of writing a decent fugue!" And he might add, "In most of the towns and villages of Germany, a common schoolmaster takes more delight in Counterpoint and could write a better fugue than most of the PRINCIPAL musicians in England." This is a deplorable fact, and it shews that education, whether in or out of the Royal Academy of music, is very much neglected. It is not to be wondered at that an unscientific style of music should be taught, since our instructors are unacquainted with that which constitutes the beauties of music; for it is no "*pedantry*" to say that a knowledge of Counterpoint is *essentially necessary to the poetry of music*, and ought not to be considered as *only* belonging to the severe school. It is this false notion which does so much harm in this country, and those who speak so unwisely, must want a pretext for not knowing Counterpoint. Rossini studied Counterpoint under A. J. Gioacchini, and he composed an oratorio called "*Ciro in Babilonia*," and likewise a Grand Mass. It might be advisable for a nation like ours, that neglects counterpoint, to speak less freely on the works of so distinguished a composer as Rossini. We are all too apt to condemn that which we hardly understand, and, do we not find that the more a man can do, the less freely he will give his opinion on the works of others? It is, however, the fashion of the times to use strong language, either in the praise or disapprobation of those we write

about. Rossini is both a great genius, and a man of the world, and I find this "Amen fugue" in strict keeping with his general tactics, which are, that his memory is of less importance than his present existence; and he writes to please the taste of such as have been spoiled by the want of science in those who profess and instruct music. Rossini *could*, however, compose a strict and noble fugue, and such a one as I (for one) should be proud to receive as an exercise for the "Contrapuntist's Society," but if the opinion of one of the principle teachers of the Royal Academy be correct, we should not have near so many as fifteen professors able to join such a society!!

I read another sentence in this week's "Musical World," and wondered who Mr. "S—" could be, at Birmingham, who writes so very strongly against Dr. Crotch's "Palestine." I think had that gentleman been able to have written that (using his own *improper* language), "dullest work ever composed," he would have been more modest in his expressions; and, however inclined he may be to justify his own language, I do not suppose he would admire it in another, to speak of him in the thoughtless manner in which he has written of Dr. Crotch. It is a very cowardly practice to abuse any one under assumed names, and I only wonder that thinking men (for this journal is not a tool for the thoughtless) give any credence to their opinions. *It is at all times difficult to force an impartial judgment, but who would believe an anonymous writer, but a times serving gainer?* I have no desire to be more severe on Mr. S. than any other Mr. Nobody, but I am anxious to root out the principle of nameless scribblers, for if a man's writings are fit to be read, they are worthy of his name; and if he dare not give his name, we should lose his opinion, and a person better qualified would take his place, but a man who knows his business well and is honest and merciful, need not be ashamed of his name. I ask if this be either merciful or modest in Mr. S.—, that he says "Dr. Croft's Sestet is a dry composition, a very dry composition, an exceedingly dry composition &c." Who says so? Mr. S.—! Is Mr. S.—, a judge? I do not know;—then you ought before you take his opinion, and thrice telling you so is no proof whatever, for he only said it was "dry," and this anyone might say, if, where it was performed, the person was not in a good humour to listen to music, for this makes a considerable difference, particularly to men who do not understand music well.

Mr. Editor, take my advice rather than an anonymous correspondent's, and never "administer (more) castigation to the musical science than" Mr. S.—, has done, for it would not become the dignity of your journal. What musical correspondent is there who does give his name to half he writes? then let me ask what sort of conscience can anonymous writers have, who fear to be the authors of their own opinions?

Shakspeare says—

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

I hope I have not hurt the feelings of just men in anything I may have advanced, and as regards Mr. J. S.— and Mr. S.—, they had as much right to give their opinions freely under their assumed names, as Mr. "Cosmopolite," who informs us that he is "no great admirer of the 'Essay on Chopin,' which is extravagant in style and preposterous in its estimate of the merits of that composer, but" (he adds), "I must confess that it is much less dull reading than the 'Illustrated London News.'" I must agree with "Cosmopolite," that the "Essay on Chopin," is "extravagant" enough, and it left Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, no language adequate to their superiority over Chopin. Praise may become a disgrace in the land of indiscreet admirers, whilst it gives to those who set a true estimate of their worth, a great advantage over

them. Chopin ought to have admirers, for he is full of energetic thoughts and originality of design; yet his admirers must never call S. Bach hard in his harmonies, after Chopin. "Cosmopolite," had no reasons to conceal his own name, and I should have read his opinions with greater interest, had I seen a citizen of the world doing his business in his own name.

With regard to this project, I may venture to state that I have now six good members certain, who will join the "Contrapuntist's Society," and in, perhaps, a fortnight, I shall have written prospectuses out, for the purpose of adding other professional gentlemen to the list of members, when I hope to find an equal anxiety on the part of those who are able to join the society, to unite with me in raising our profession. Am I to stand single-handed in the cause and support of science? will no able writer direct his pen to this object? is it not a worthy subject for a talented musician to write upon? I have private letters from some of the heads of our profession, who acknowledge the advantages of such a society, but somehow, will not, at present, become members. It would be better for the advancement of Counterpoint had I been an older man, but this is an evil which, (should I live), will too soon cure itself; and as notions will come into the heads of younger men, as well as those who are more advanced in years, that from the experience which the latter have had, they will not see the use of such a Society. *Had there been an exercise imposed on professors thirty or forty years ago, the profession of music would now be an honourable, scientific, and gentlemanly pursuit.* Hoping Mr. Editor, that this letter may be worth your acceptance, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your very obliged,
G. F. FLOWERS, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

The Elms, Shirley, near Southampton,
Sept. 22nd, 1843.

SIR,—In your Thirty-second number of the "Musical World," you allude to the *Motett Society*, under the head of "The Handel Society," page, 267, vol. 18th.

I have written twice to Mr. E. Rimbault, and once to Mr. Burns, without receiving an answer from either of them. I fear the Society is discontinued, but even if it was, one would think the above-named gentlemen would at once say so, being Secretaries of the Society. I subscribed my guinea at the commencement of 1842, and received the first beautiful Number, or Part—but since then, I have not been able to ascertain whether the Society is yet in existence or not. If it is, I should be very glad to continue my subscription, and receive its publications. I also subscribe to "the Musical Antiquarian Society," and have just entered my name with G. Alex. Macfarren, as a subscriber to the "Handel Society." It gives me pleasure to subscribe to such excellent Societies; I wish them every success.

I feel anxious to beg a few lines from you in a private letter, stating whether the "Motett Society" is yet in existence, and how, to whom, and where I can apply to pay my annual subscription, and receive its publications. I hope you will excuse the liberty of my request, (being a subscriber to the whole of your Eighteen volumes, from the commencement thereof), and favour me with a few lines by an early post—waiting your reply,

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
L. T. CROSSLEY.

[We insert this, because we think our correspondent's aim will be better answered than by a private communication from us. Mr. Rimbault can answer (if he pleases), this question about the "Motett Society," in our columns. E.D. M.W.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World"

DEAR SIR,—The strict impartiality which you have always shown towards musical men, of whatever degree, leads me to address you in full assurance of receiving justice.

In the first place then, your Birmingham correspondent is not correct in stating that the "unusual excellence of the choir" is, "in a great degree, attributable to the exertions of Mr. Surman, who undertook the double task of drilling the London chorists (chiefly selected from the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society) and the Birmingham singers."

I beg to inform you that only 84 of the chorus singers were under the superintendence of Mr. Surman; the rest, with the exception of 11 Amateurs, viz. 161 chorists, Birmingham had the honour to supply, and these latter were *entirely* under my instruction.

In the second place the orchestra was not "made up of forty-two violins," we had fifty-six.—

You will excuse my preciseness, but in a work like yours, which we must consider in the light of a history, it is, I imagine, necessary to be correct.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
James Simpson.

P. S.—In answer to the letter of "Musicians," which you have copied from the "Times," I beg to state that the "second partner in an eminent brewery firm, his son, and a well known solicitor residing in London," did not receive any stipend, but gave their services at our Festival gratuitously.

Birmingham, Sept. 30th, 1843,

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.—The proceedings of this excellent Institution are exciting very general notice. Since we last called the attention of our readers to the same, the number of members has very considerably increased, including the following highly distinguished names, which vouch for the high respectability and importance of the undertaking. Her Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, His Grace the Archbishop of York, the Right Honourable the Earl of Westmoreland, (Plenipotentiary to the court of Prussia) and though last not least, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. "The 4 Coronation Anthems," edited by Dr. Crotch, will immediately appear, also "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," edited by M. Moscheles. The next production of the society will be the Oratorio of *Esther*, edited by Dr. S. S. Wesley.

HANDEL AND JOHNSON.—The reader will smile at a comparison between these two geniuses, nevertheless they had many things in common; both were athletic men, and equally remarkable for their constitutional indifference to women; both were gourmands to a pitch, as it would seem, very nearly allied to the disgusting; both were men of imperious and overbearing tempers; and last, though not least, the minds of both were deeply imbued with religious feeling;

though here perhaps the resemblance was more nominal than real, the gloomy terrorism of Johnson possessing but little in common with the *mens divinitor* of Handel. Perhaps it is lucky that they never came in contact. Handel was gone before Johnson attained the climax of his celebrity. Johnson would have wanted respect for a genius which he could not understand, and Handel would have been as little ceremonious with the Doctor's close conventionalism and worship of power. Johnson's *brusquerie*, which was perhaps his most powerful weapon, would here have availed no more than the discharge of a cannon against the crash of a thunderbolt, and the best preservative of peace between them would have been a good dinner.

ONSLow's compositions, though we cannot help allowing them a considerable amount of cleverness, are dull and tasteless affairs; want of continuous melody, want of character, and utter want of interest, are their chief characteristics. ONSLOW must be an indomitably industrious man to have produced such a library of ingenious music not worth hearing. He has not a spark of the divine fire. His opening *motivi* are ordinarily a mere figure to make a convenience of for contrapuntal treatment—and, after all, the contrapuntal treatment itself is never particularly exciting, never any thing greatly out of the common way. His second subjects are ordinarily of the most morbid character, sickly mock-sentimentalities, puling mouthings of nothing, inflated into something like importance by the assumption and affectation of their treatment. ONSLOW makes love like a veritable school girl—or worse still, like a romance reading waiting maid, who apes the outward demonstrations of feeling evinced by her mistress, without the sentiment from which they spring. His slow movements are generally yawning drawling nonentities, or feeble attempts at the characteristic and the quaint. Yet with all these drawbacks, ONSLOW is a master of his art, since his materials, such as they are, are thoroughly at his command, and he writes with evident fluency and ease; moreover he is extremely popular—thanks to his quintets, which are the delight of amateurs, from their showy character, so entirely void of strangeness or intricacy, either in plan or development; let us then leave him to his popularity, now that we have had our say. We like to hear one of his compositions now and then—but heaven defend us from a frequent encounter with them!

CAINEA.—Captain Jesse is informed that an *amateur*, who went by the name of Le Chevalier Cainea, was in London at the commencement of the present century. His voice was a beautiful *tenor*, and he used to sing in the first circles of the metropolis, with infinite taste and expression. We do

not think he ever sang at the Italian Opera; perhaps some account of him may be found in Lord Mount Edgecombe's "Musical Reminiscences."

MISS RAFTER and MR. JOHN RAFTER'S DEBUT in SOUTHAMPTON, was eminently successful. They both promise, with a little study, to become ornaments to their profession.

DRURY LANE opened on Saturday with the *Siege of Rochelle* and the ballet of *La Peri*. The singing of Miss Rainforth, Mr. Leffler, and M. Giubilei, gained deserved applause; and the debut of Mdle. Albertazzi may be pronounced successful. The house was very full. *Der Freischütz* was given on Monday. The band is in excellent order, under the direction of Benedict. Opera is the order of the day here; all foreigners of course.

AUBER and MADAM THILLON are engaged at the Princess's Theatre. The celebrated composer will conduct his own opera, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, for three nights. Signor Ricci, the one hundred and forty-seventh rate Italian composer, is also engaged, to produce his puerile trash, the "Prisoner of Edinburgh." We heartily wish that Signor Ricci was confined, with "the spirited" lessee of the Oxford Street Theatre, *for life*, in the Heart of Mid Lothian, so that the one might write no more operas, and the other make no more silly engagements.

EXETER HALL commences proceedings early next month, with Handel's *Deborah*.

MR. REEVE'S CONCERT, under the patronage of some of the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood, and supported by the great powers of the Grisi, and the almost equally-talented and admirable Mario, came off on Saturday with more than usual *éclat*. The Concert Room has rarely presented such a goodly show of rank and fashion; and we are glad to find that the undertaking is as satisfactory to Mr. Reeve, in a financial point of view, as it must have been to the audience who listened to the rich melodies and harmony produced throughout, by two of the greatest vocalists of the day. From the rapidity with which the duettos, arias, and quartettes followed each other the Concert was concluded at an earlier hour than many persons seemed to have anticipated—this, to us, was a pleasure rather than a disappointment—as we have ever felt that a lapse of some five or ten minutes between the execution of one piece and its successor, has a tendency to weary an audience, and depress the requisite attention to the lights and shadows of harmony, which glow around and heighten the effect of a judiciously-selected and well-executed concert. The reason assigned for this rapid delivery of the vocal and instrumental portions of the Concert, is the necessity there was for performers to leave Bury for some distant part of the kingdom, in order to complete an engagement into which they had entered for Monday morning. It is difficult amongst so much that was excellent, to select any given aria or duetto for more particular commendation. Grisi was in the finest possible voice, and carolled away as if luxuriating in a delight which

she must have seen and felt, was reciprocated by the audience. Mario in *Costa's terzetto*, and in his duet with Grisi from *Anna Bolena*, came upon the audience by surprise. In the aria of *Nel Giardino* he was also particularly striking. This aria called forth a general *encore*,—Grisi's great "star of the morning" was, of course, the *Non piu mesta* of *Rossini's* version of the dear old nursery-tale of *Cinderella*. All who may have heard her in this, must feel how difficult it is to convey by words any adequate notion of her extraordinary volume of voice and rapidity of execution throughout. So much has been said and written respecting her musical skill and judgment in this rondo, by men of the most eminent musical knowledge, that it would be idle in us to venture upon any further expression of sentiment than that of unbounded delight at the display of her power. Of course it was *encored*. Signor Brizzi's is a tenor of no very great power. His most distinguishing quality is sweetness and neatness of execution in the plaintive notes of a pathetic ballad. In a smaller space than our Concert Room he would be heard with excellent effect in such a *romanza* as that of *Pendant la Fête*. Mr. Lavenu gave us a taste of his quality on the violoncello in a duet of *De Beriot's*, assisted by Signor Pilotti on the pianoforte. He exhibited very considerable taste in his management of some rapidly-executed chromatic passages, and he was evidently benefitted by his intimate acquaintance with the style of his old and lamented partner, Mr. Mori.

Bury.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN, the eminent organist and clever composer, is engaged to deliver four lectures on Music, at Crosby Hall. The subjects are to be Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart. These lectures will be a real treat to the lover of art, since, unlike the Gresham perpetrations, and other absurd historico—biographico—nonsensical hodge-podges, they will have *music* for their basis.

THE MESSRS. COLLARD have just completed two magnificent grand piano-fortes, for Her Majesty, Queen Isabella of Spain, which we have seen, and have much pleasure in recording our opinion of their extreme elegance and superb tone. They are to be dispatched immediately to their destination.

THEME OF DR. SPOHR'S CELEBRATED SYMPHONY,

"THE POWER OF SOUND."

In loneliness the young world lay
Amid Spring's vernal glow,
Man unenlighten'd trod his way
Its silent pictures through;
Wild impulse still his only guide,
His heart as yet unstrung;
For him love's language was untried,
And Nature had no tongue.

Almighty goodness now the spell unbound,
And breath'd into the human breast in sound!
Love found a voice its magic to express,
And whisper'd in man's heart its power to bless.
The nightingale her greeting chaunted nigh,
The forest murmur'd forth its harmony;
Zephyr first wak'd the sigh within his breast,
The purling fountain lulled him into rest;
Exalted now by holier breathings, see
The Soul, from every earthly bondage free,
Rises triumphant to the realms on high,
And courts the dreams of immortality.

Hail, holy Sound! the voice of peace,
Sent from a world unknown;
Till life and all its toils shall cease,
O! be thou still our own!
'Mid the first sorrows of the child,
Yet on its mother's knee,
Thou sheddest down thine influence mild,
Changing his grief to glee.
Breathing around his cradled head,
To charm his infant rest,
Ambrosial dreams are o'er him shed,
In gentle songs exprest.

'Tis thine in the revels of youth to resound,
Their delights to inspire and enhance;
In thy voice the forebodings of sorrow are drown'd,
As it echoes along the light dance.
Away from the brow its dark shadows are chas'd,
Bright flashes the jubilant mind;
While borne on thy waves, in its frolicsome haste,
The foot seems to rival the wind.

When night's still veil is drawn above,
The lip of passion breathes thy tone,
Pouring the fulness of its love
Into one longing heart alone.
Hail, sacred Sound! Love's minstrelsy!
Whose magic power alone can dare
To bid the coldest bosom sigh,
And soothe the lover's last despair.

But to the phrensied tumult of the fight
Thy clamours call, with spirit-stirring might,
Teaching the warrior to despise his life,
When the loud trumpet urges to the strife.
Care—fear—and peril, from the prospect fly,
At the first blast of warlike harmony;
With fiery eyes he presses through his foes,
And with a blood-stain'd laurel twines his brows.
—Yet, if thou draw him fearlessly along
To daring deeds, by battle-cry and song,
The victory won, thou callest him once more
By the soft voice of peace, and bidst him soar
Upon devotion's wing; the conquering band
Will, at thy voice, before Heav'n's footstool stand,
And suddenly the tide of triumph stem,
Humbly to thank the God who champion'd them.

Hail, holy Sound! thy plaintive tone
Follows the weary in his gloom,
When, sever'd from the world, alone
He sinks into the silent tomb.
Thou breath'st into the languid ear
Of the bereav'd—a welcome guest;
Unto the tearless giving tears,
Whispering "the lost one shall be blest."

Hail, holy Sound! Oh; art thou of the dreams
Of that mysterious realm that o'er us gleams?
Art thou the child of endless space, unknown,
Untried, a messenger of peace sent down?
Forsake me not! but in thy breathings bland
Glad me with tidings of thy lovely land
And wait me to the home that gave thee birth,
Spite of the chains that bind me down to earth!

Provincial—(additional.)

CHEETHAM GLEE CLUB.

THIS harmonious association opened its winter campaign on Monday evening, and with more than its usual success. Miss Hardman was the *prima donna* or principal soprano on the occasion, assisted in the treble department by Mesdames Kell, Parry, and Hadfield,—three of the young ladies who were favourably introduced to the public, by the spirited manager of our Theatre Royal, as

principal trebles in the chorus he engaged for the operatic department last spring.—The programme we give entire, viz:—

PART FIRST.

- 1 Glee and chorus..... "The Cough and Crow"
Sir H. R. Bishop.
- 2 Glee (four voices)... "Haste, my boy"... Dr. Smith.
- 3 Chorus..... "When Winds breathe soft"... Webbe.
- 4 Elegy "Fear no more the heat of the Sun" Dr. Nares.
- 5 Madrigal..... "Down in a flowery Vale"... Festa.
- 6 Selection from the Music in Macbeth..... Locke.

PART SECOND.

- 7 Quartette and chorus... "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances"... Sir H. R. Bishop.
- 8 Glee (five voices) "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue" Horsley.
- 9 Glee... "The Lass o' Gowrie"—Arranged by Ransford.
- 10 Trio and chorus... "The red Wine in the beaker dances"... Sir H. R. Bishop.
- 11 Glee (four voices)... "Come Clara"... Spafforth.
- 12 Chorus... "Here in a cool Grot"... Lord Mornington.
- 13 Catch... "To our Musical Club"... Warren.
- 14 Chorus... "Bright Orb"... Sir H. R. Bishop.

Near seventy gentlemen remained to supper, after which Messrs. Walton, J. W. Isherwood, and Heelis, each gave a song. A new German glee was sung; and after an evening of great enjoyment, the meeting separated at the usual hour.

Mr. Wilkinson presided at the piano-forte, in place of Mr. Graham, who has hitherto filled this important situation. We hear that another club is established at Cheetham Hill, to which Mr. Graham is appointed the pianist,—the place of meeting being the Griffin Inn. The more the merrier.

(Manchester.)

To Our Subscribers.

* * The necessity of preventing confusion in the making up of our accounts, and the convenience of our subscribers as well as ourselves, compel us respectfully to state to all those whose accounts have been supplied to them, that unless their subscriptions, up to Christmas, are paid by Tuesday the 10th of October, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending their copies of the *MUSICAL WORLD* until such subscriptions be received. We trust that this will cause no offence to any of our kind subscribers—who, if they be in business themselves, must be well aware of the necessity of avoiding all confusion in accounts.

Notice to Correspondents.

* * In answer to numerous enquiries, it is respectfully stated that the subscription to the "*MUSICAL WORLD*" is 16s. per Annum, or 4s. quarterly, which ensures the delivery in every part of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and Belgium, by the first post after Thursday—the terms for America are 25s. per annum, the Numbers being forwarded by the Post-office Mails on the 14th and 28th of each month. Single copies may be obtained by remitting the amount either in coin or postage stamps, to Mr. R. Groombridge, Paternoster-row, or to Mr. E. B. Taylor, at the Office.

All letters and parcels for the Editor should be addressed to him at the "*MUSICAL WORLD*" Office, 3, Coventry-street, Haymarket. Matters relating to the current week should be forwarded on or before Tuesday.

BIRMINGHAM.—We shall be very happy, for mutual convenience, to exchange with the proprietors of any of the Birmingham Papers.

F. SECOND.—The expense will be five shillings, which is the lowest rate. We should recommend

the musical press as the best medium for making the wishes of our correspondent known. Of course *The Times*, after the musical press, would be the most likely to answer his purpose. Should we hear of any thing, our correspondent may rely upon our making it known to him.

Mr. TREAKELL, Mr. SECOND, Mr. HIXTON, Miss BINFIELD, Mr. FEARNLEY, Mr. WRIGHT, their subscriptions are acknowledged with thanks.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Mozart's Sonatas, Violin and Piano-forte, } Ewer & Co.
Nos. 1 & 2.....
Bethoven, Trio, Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, } Ewer & Co.
Opera 1, No 1.....
Quelling 3 Roudinos Opera 14..... Ewer & Co.
Raff's Serenade, Piano-forte..... Ewer & Co.

[Our Review is necessarily postponed until next week.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MUSICAL EXAMINER.

No. 40, will appear on Saturday, Sept. 9, price Twopenny.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Quarterly.....	2	0	Stamped.....	3	0
Half Yearly.....	4	0		6	0
Yearly.....	8	0		12	0

* * The *MUSICAL EXAMINER* is delivered, free of postage, at the residences of Subscribers in Town, on the day of publication, and is sent into the Country free (at stamped price) on the same day.

* * Quarterly Part, from Nos. 27 to 39 inclusive, with Index and Wrapper, now ready, price Two Shillings.

In the Press, and will shortly be published,

SIX NEW SONGS,

With English and German Words. Composed and

Dedicated to

MISS DOLBY,

BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Also, Four New Compositions, by STEPHEN HELLER.

Also, Just Published,

FIRST GRAND SONATA, for Piano Solo, Composed by LOUIS SPOHR.

LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE.

The whole of the Music of this celebrated Opera of Auber. Arrangements of all kinds, for every instrument, by the most eminent composers.

WESSEL AND STAPLETON.

67, FRITH STREET, SOHO.

HAYDN'S

Choruses in the Creation,

A SECOND EDITION of HAYDN'S CHORUSES in the CREATION, as Duets for the Organ or Piano-forte with Accompaniments, (ad lib.) for two Violins, or (Flute and Violin) Tenor and Violoncello, or for four Voices, and dedicated by permission to the Rev. CHARLES PARR BURNES, D.D. By S. F. RIMBAULT. Complete in Two Books, 12s., or may be had in separate Parts.

Published at Charles Nicholson's Flute Manufactory, (by Prowse), 13, Hanway-street, where is also Published the Choruses in the Messiah as Duets. By S. F. RIMBAULT.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, HYDE PARK CORNER.

This Splendid Collection consists of objects EXCLUSIVELY CHINESE, and surpasses in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely fills the spacious Saloon, 225 feet in length, by 50 feet in width; and embraces upwards of FIFTY FIGURES AS LARGE AS LIFE, all fac-similes, in groups, and in their correct native Costumes, from the highest Mandarin to the lowest subject in the Empire.

Also MANY THOUSAND SPECIMENS, both in Natural History and Miscellaneous Curiosities; illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than 300,000 Chinese, respecting whom the Nations of Europe have had scarcely any opportunity of judging.

Is NOW OPEN for Public Inspection from 10 in THE MORNING TILL 10 AT NIGHT.

Admission, 2s. 6d.—Children under 12, 1s.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

C. LONSDALE, MUSICAL CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

26, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.—Canzonets, Serenades, &c. (nine)—with the original German words of the Princes Albert and Ernest, Burde, W. Von Schutz, Eichendorff, &c. and an English adaptation by W. Ball, 7s. 6d.

Also printed singly.

PRINCE ERNEST.—Wienlied, or Cradle Song, 1s. 6d.
LORD BURGHERSH.—Cathedral Service, consisting of Chant, Te Deum, Jubilate, and Responses, 6s.

Anthem, "On the third day in the morning" 6s.
TALLIS.—Cathedral Service, newly arranged by T. Oliphant, Esq. 12s.

G. W. CHARD, Mus. Doc.—"The Mass was sung and Prayers were said," Offertorio, Solo with distant Chorus, originally composed for and sung by Mr. Bartleman; dedicated to Sir J. L. Rogers, Bart, 3s.
The Inquiry, or "Tell me ye winged winds that round my pathway roar," Song dedicated to Sir A. Barnard, 3s.

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY W. H. CALCOTT.
"Lord of Heaven and Earth and Ocean" (Haydn) 1s. 6d.
"O, my God! wash thou me," with the original words also, "Amplius lava me" (Ciampi) 1s.
Nine select Catches, (for Ladies,) with Piano-forte accompaniment, in 3 Nos. each, 1s.
And all Mr. Calcott's Piano-forte Arrangements, as Solos

AND ALL

MR. CALCOTT'S PIANO-FORTE ARRANGEMENTS.
As Solos and Duets,

Of Sacred Airs, Operatic Airs, &c. &c.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS, ETC. OF THE LIBRARY FORWARDED (GRATIS) ON APPLICATION.

ARRANGED BY SIR H. R. BISHOP,

(Conductor of the Concerts of Anient Music.)

Martin Luther's Corales, as sung at the above Concerts, each, 2s.

Nos. 1.—"Wake, O wake, a voice is crying."—2. "O let us praise the Lord."—3. "Once more to praise thee, gracious God." (To be continued).

ARRANGED BY C. LUCAS.

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord" (Handel) 2s.
Sanctus—Quartetto e Coro (Palestrina) 2s.

ANTHEMS ARRANGED BY J. B. SALE.

(Organist to Her Most Gracious Majesty.)

Dr. J. Clarke's "In Jewry is God known." 4 voices. 3s.
Dr. Greene's "The Lord is my shepherd," 2 voices, 2s. 6d.

"O sing unto God," 2 voices, 2s. 6d.
"Blessed are those," 2 voices, 2s. 6d.

Dr. Nares' "O come let us sing," 2 voices, 2s. 6d.
King's Service in C, Te Deum, Jubilate, Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s.

Organ.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH'S

Choral and Instrumental Fugues, in continuation of the English edition of his 48 Preludes and Fugues, arranged from his Masses, Litanies, Oratorios, and Exercises, and inscribed to George Gwilt, Esq. F.S.A., F.R.A.S. by Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.—in 6 Books, each 6s.

Also in single Nos.—(To be continued)

To Choral Societies.

MUSIC IN SINGLE CHORAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PARTS

FOR AN ORCHESTRA.

HANDEL'S ORATORIOS:—THE MESSIAH, ISRAEL IN EGYPT, AND

ACIS AND GALATEA. (Vocal Chorus Parts only of the latter).

The Canto Parts of the Messiah and Israel in Egypt are new and improved Editions, transposed into the Treble Clef.

ALSO

ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, adapted as a Grand Cantata, entitled "IL CONTE UGOLINO," the words imitated from Dante, by Manfredo Maggioni, edited by G. F. HARRIS. Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, each Part having both the Latin and Italian words, each 2s.

The MUSIC in MACBETH, composed by Matthew Locke, edited (with marks of expression, &c., added) by G. F. HARRIS. Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, 9d. each, or complete, 3s.

CHARD'S (Dr.) OFFERTORIO, Bass, Solo, and distant Chorus, "The Mass was sung and Prayers were said," edited by G. F. HARRIS. Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, 3d. each.

THREE CORALES, composed by Martin Luther, as sung at the Ancient Concerts, for which (with words expressly written) they were adapted and arranged by Sir HENRY R. BISHOP. Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, 9d. each, or complete, 3s.

The Choir and Congregational Part-Book,

Consisting of Select Services, Chants, Anthems, &c., by the most esteemed Composers. The whole revised and edited by JAMES M'CALLA, Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, and formerly of the Choir of Westminster Abbey. Each No. price 1s. Vocal Parts, 6d. each.

CONTENTS.—No. 1. Boyce's Te Deum in C; Ditto Jubilate. 2. Aldrich's Magnificat; Ditto Nunc Dimittis. Richardson's Anthem—O how amiable. 3. Double chant—Venite exultemus, Dupuis; Ditto Jubilate, Dr. Crotch; (the Chants at full length, with words); Six Double Chants, by various Authors. 4. Double Chant—Magnificat, Earl of Mornington; Ditto, Nunc dimittis, Dr. Crotch; (the Chants at full length, with words); Five Single and Five Double Chants. 5. King's Te Deum in F; Ditto, Jubilate. 6. King's Magnificat; Ditto, Nunc Dimittis; Child's anthem—Praise the Lord, O my Soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LA PERI,

GRAND BALLET, IN TWO ACTS,

THE MUSIC BY

BURGMÜLLER.

1 Pas des Schals.	6 La Mazurka.
2 Pas des Européennes.	7 Pas de Trois.
3 La Valse.	8 Pas des Almées.
4 Le Rêve.	9 Pas de L'Abbeille.
5 Pas de Deux.	10 Scène de la Prison.

Price, each Piece, 3s.; or in 1 volume, One Guinea.

Arranged for the Piano-forte by the Author, and dedicated by permission to

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Also, THE PAS DES ALMÉES, by H. Herz, 3s.
Other Arrangements are in preparation.

London: Printed only by the Proprietors, R. COCKS & Co. 20, Princes Street, Hanover Square, Music-sellers (by Authority, to Her Majesty).

CAUTION TO MUSIC-SELLERS AND PUBLISHERS.—"LA PERI."—We hereby give notice, that we have purchased the exclusive copyright of the whole of the Music of the above celebrated Ballet, by Burgmüller, and that no other publisher can either PRINT, SELL, IMPORT, or LET on HIRE any part thereof, save those issued by our house, and bearing the imprint of R. COCKS & Co. N.B. The Music is now ready for delivery for the piano-forte, in 10 books, each 3s.; or in one volume, 21s. Dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. London, dated 21st Sept., 1843. R. COCKS & Co.

TREGEAR AND LEWIS,

96, CHEAPSIDE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CORNEOPEAS, VALVE BUGLES, TROMBONES,
BASS HORNS, OPHELIDES, &c.

Beg to call the attention of Country Brass Band Masters, and others, to their new list of prices, of the above useful and perfect instruments, being more than 25 per cent. cheaper than any other house.

PRICES OF INSTRUMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Cornopeans, super., with six Crooks, Mouthpiece	2	12	6
do. do. with case	3	3	0
do. Best, with Shake Key, &c.	3	13	0
do. do., extra finished, with case	4	4	0
do. do. English Pistons	4	14	6
do. do. German Silver mounted,			
with Crooks and case	5	5	0
do. do. do. Copper or Brass			
mounted	7	7	0
do. do. Tenor with crooks	4	4	6
do. Valve Bugles	4	4	0
do. Trombones	1	15	0
do. do. B	1	17	0
do. do. C	2	2	0
do. do. G	2	12	6
do. do. improved G	3	3	0
do. do. Bass Horns, 9 Keys	6	6	0
do. do. Ophicleide 9 Keys	4	16	0
do. do. 11 Keys	7	7	0
do. do. Drums, Bass, plain	4	4	0
do. do. do. trophies	5	3	0
do. do. do. painted with Arms, &c.	6	6	0
do. do. Clarionets, 6 Keys, Ivory Tip B C or E flat	1	3	0
do. do. 8 do do do	1	10	0
do. do. 10 do do do	1	15	0
do. do. 12 do do do	2	2	0
do. do. 13 do do do	2	12	0
do. do. Flutes, Super. Cocoa, with 8 Keys, German Silver	2	2	0
do. do. do. extra mounted, Tips, &c.	3	12	6
do. do. do. Ebony	3	3	0
do. do. do. do Silver Rings, Tips,			
and Keys	5	5	0
do. do. do. Silver Bands, &c.	6	6	0
do. do. do. extra chased Bands	7	7	0
do. do. do. do the best that can be made	8	8	0

N.B.—Instruments taught, repaired, taken in exchange, List of Prices sent to any part of the Country, post free.—96, Cheapside, London.

London:—E. B. TAYLOR, at the "Musical World" Office, 3, Coventry-street, Haymarket, where communications for the Editor and Works for Review and Advertisement are received.—BUTLEY'S Subscription Library, New Bond Street; GROOMING, 8, Paternoster row; MITCHELLSON, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; and the following Music-sellers:—Chappell, New Bond-street; Cramer & Co., Regent-street; Cocks & Co., Princes-street; P'Almeida, Soho-square; Duff & Hodgson, Oxford-street; Jackson & Birkley, New Bond-street; Treagar & Lewis, Cheapside; Leader, New Bond-street; Lonsdale, Old Bond-street; Mills, New Bond-street; Oliver, New Bond-street; Ollivier, New Bond-street; Z. T. Purday, High Holborn; Stanford, Charles-street, Soho-square; and may be had of all Booksellers. Printed and Published by BENJAMIN CLARK, of Upper Whitton-street, Pentonville, at 1 & 1½, Dudley-court, Silver-street, in the City of London. Thursday, September 25, 1843.